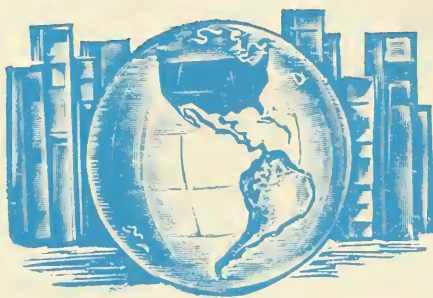




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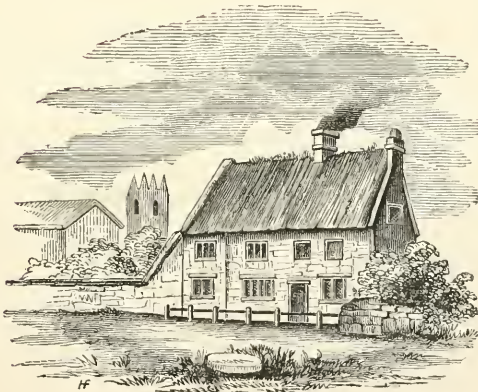
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L I F E
OF THE
REV. JAMES HERVEY.

BY
D. A. HARRIS, M. A.

‘O THAT MY WRITINGS MAY EXALT THE DIVINE SAVIOUR.’—Hervey.



Hervey's Birthplace.

ALBANY:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1865.

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AMERICAN

TO THE

REV. JAMES HERVEY ANDREW,

PASTOR OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OF SOUTH
ARGYLE, NEW YORK,

A CLERGYMAN WHOSE GRAND AIM IN HIS PUBLIC MINISTRY, LIKE
THAT OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCELLENT DIVINE, FOR
WHOM HE IS CALLED, IS TO DISPLAY THE
UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST, THE MATCHLESS EFFICACY OF
HIS DEATH, AND THAT PERFECT FREENESS WITH WHICH
ALL HIS INVALUABLE BENEFITS ARE BESTOWED,

THE FOLLOWING MEMOIR,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF PERSONAL REGARD,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

‘IN HERVEY’S WORKS ARE DISPLAYED A FIRM FAITH IN THE DIVINE TESTIMONY, AND STRONG TRAITS OF BENEVOLENCE, IN A STYLE TOO RICH AND ORNAMENTAL: HE, THEREFORE, MAY BE READ TO GREAT PROFIT, IN ORDER TO STRENGTHEN OUR FAITH IN THE PROMISES, TO RAISE OUR AFFECTIONS TOWARDS HEAVEN, AND EVEN TO IMPROVE OUR STYLE, WHEN THAT VERGES TO THE CONTRARY EXTREME OF POVERTY, WHETHER OF EXPRESSION, DESCRIPTION, OR FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE; BUT A RICH FANCY WITHOUT A CRITICAL JUDGMENT SHOULD BEWARE OF HERVEY AS A MODEL.’—*Williams’ Christian Preacher.*

‘O, THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD MAY DIRECT IT, THAT WHOEVER READS HIS WRITINGS, MAY LEARN TO HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN THE FLESH, BUT TO MAKE MENTION OF JEHOVAH’S RIGHTEOUSNESS EVEN OF HIS ONLY!’—*Rev. William Romaine.*

‘HERVEY’S MEDITATIONS, WITH THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS, THE DUTY OF MAN, AND THE BIBLE, ARE COMMONLY SEEN TOGETHER ON A SHELF IN THE COTTAGES OF ENGLAND.’

PREFACE.

A beautiful illustration of the Christian character in its various excellencies is exhibited in the life of the pious and exemplary James Hervey. And it is certainly interesting, edifying and profitable for the sincere disciple of Christ to contemplate this amiable divine in the daily scenes of his calm and close walk with God ; in the fervor and sincerity of his devotion ; in the ardor and constancy of his love to the blessed Redeemer—and to the souls of men ; in the peacefulness and buoyancy of his mind amidst afflictions ; and in the strength and triumph of his faith while on the borders of the grave. What Christian does not also love to think of him in his admiration of the beauties of nature—in his tracing the power, wisdom, and goodness of God in stars, flowers, and plants—in his winging his thoughts, in search of themes declarative of the divine glory,

‘ From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky !’

It has been the aim of the author to give a clear, succinct and comprehensive account of the leading events of Hervey’s useful and valuable life, and of his happy and triumphant death ; and to make some passing reflections on the more prominent qualities of his character.

The materials for this memorial have been derived from the best and most reliable sources, the principal authorities on the life of Hervey having been carefully consulted. The author's obligations are especially due to the *Life and Character of Hervey*, by John Brown, published in 1822, 8vo.

To the author the preparation of the present brief memoir has been truly a labor of love ; and he will esteem it an ample recompense for his service if it shall be the means of inspiring in any reader a more profound reverence for the memory of one—

‘ Whose page and soul alike breathe humblest love
To his adored Redeemer.’

May the blessing of God accompany the reading of the following pages, causing the memory of Hervey still to be blessed, and making his writings the honored instrument of exalting the divine Saviour more and more through all coming time, till in realms of glory, far beyond the starry skies, the fading flowers of earth and the cold, cheerless tomb, ransomed millions shall unite in that wondrous, sweet, unending song, with which the arches of heaven shall eternally resound—‘ UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER ; TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.’

D. A. H.

ARGYLE, N. Y., *Sept.* 15, 1865.

LIFE OF
REV. JAMES HERVEY.

JAMES HERVEY was born on the 26th of February, 1713, at the village of Hardingstone, about a mile from Northampton, England. He was the son of an Episcopal Clergyman, who was rector of Collingtree, within two miles of Hardingstone. He was first taught to read by his mother, under whose tuition he continued till he had reached his seventh year, when he was sent to the grammar school of Northampton. There he remained about ten years, acquiring, in this long period, a critical knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. The foundation of his classical attainments was laid at this school.

In 1731, at the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Oxford, where he resided about five years. While at the University he met with several works whose perusal afforded him great pleasure, and which gave him a higher relish for those subjects which in after life he himself so

happily illustrated. Among these works were Abbé de Pluche's *Nature Displayed*, Derham's *Astro-Theology*, and *Physico-Theology*, and Ray's *Wisdom of God in Creation*. Besides these books he read with much interest and profit Spence's *Five Dialogues on Pope's Translation of Homer*, an essay which he often declared gave him a greater insight into the nature and beauty of composition than any author he ever read.*

On leaving Oxford in 1736, he returned home, and became curate for his father, who at that time officiated as pastor of a church in Collingtree. On leaving his father, he next accepted the curacy of Dummer, in Hampshire, where he continued about a year, preaching to a poor, illiterate

**An Essay on Pope's Translation of Homer's Odyssey*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 8vo. London, 1727, second edition, 1737, 12mo. 'One of the most pleasing and useful pieces of criticism which we possess.'—*Dr. Drake*.

Mr. Spence's principal work is entitled *Polymetis; or an Inquiry into the Agreement between the Works of the Roman Poets and the Remains of Ancient Artists*. London, 1747, royal folio. His *Anecdotes, Observations, and Character of books and men, collected from the conversation of Mr. Pope and others*, were published by S. W. Singer, with notes and a life of the author, London, 1820, 8vo. port., second edition, London, 1858. This is also a very useful, interesting and amusing book. Dr. Dibdin says: 'This is one of the most entertaining volumes of literary anecdote imaginable, and worthy of admittance in an elegantly furnished library.'

people, to whom the Rev. George Whitefield had previously addressed the word of life.*

When he left this place in 1738, Hervey was invited by his excellent friend Paul Orchard, Esq., to his delightful residence at Stoke-Abbey, in Devonshire, where he spent two years very agree-

*It was in the year 1737 that Whitefield officiated for a short time at Dummer. He was then in the 23d year of his age; and from that time he continued to preach to crowded congregations with increasing popularity. He was a little younger than Hervey, being born on the 16th of December, 1714. He died on the 30th of September, 1770. Hervey was an intimate friend and a great admirer of Whitefield. He thus speaks of a visit which he enjoyed with him at the house of a gentleman at Northampton: 'I have lately seen that most excellent minister of the ever-blessed Jesus, Mr. Whitefield. I dined, supped and spent the evening with him at Northampton, in company with Dr. Doddridge, and two pious, ingenious clergymen of the church of England, both of them known to the learned world by their valuable writings; and surely I never spent a more delightful evening, or saw one that seemed to make nearer approaches to the felicity of heaven. A gentleman of great worth and rank in town invited us to his house, and gave us an elegant treat, but how mean was his provision, how coarse his delicacies, compared with the fruit of my friend's lips! they dropped as the honey-comb, and were a well of life.'

Whitefield also seems to have had the highest regard for Hervey. He says: 'The author of the *Meditations* is my old friend; a most heavenly-minded creature, who is contented with a small pittance, and gives all that he has to the poor.'

For excellent accounts of this extraordinary man, of whom Lord Bolingbroke declared that he had 'the most commanding eloquence he ever heard in any person,' see his memoirs by Dr. Gillies, Robert Philip, and Samuel Drew.

ably, and was highly esteemed by this hospitable family. In describing the charms of this rural retreat, he says, in a very devotional frame of mind: 'On the one side, a vast tract of land extends itself, finely diversified by rising trees, floating corn, and pasturage for cattle; on the other side rolls the great and wide sea, where go the ships, and where is that great Leviathan. Which way soever I look, I meet with footsteps of the divine immensity, I view Thy great and marvellous works, Lord God Almighty, I am encountered with ten thousand arguments to hear Thy tremendous power, and love Thy diffusive goodness.' In 1740, Hervey removed to Bideford, fourteen miles from Stoke-Abbey, and officiated there as curate more than two years.

It is well known that Hervey preached some time before he experienced the power of religion in his own soul,—before he discovered the preciousness of Christ and His spotless righteousness. His views of divine truth now underwent a radical change; his preaching became evangelical; and henceforth, the righteousness of the Redeemer,—a righteousness which he had formerly despised,—and all those glorious truths which center in Christ and Him crucified, became the

grand theme of his ministrations in the pulpit and his labors for the press. Whitefield was the honored instrument of leading Hervey to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. In a letter to Whitefield, he says: 'Your journals, dear sir, and sermons, especially that sweet sermon upon *What think ye of Christ?* were a means of bringing me to the knowledge of the truth.' He also derived much spiritual benefit from a perusal of several old books of a thoroughly evangelical nature, such as Jenks *on Submission to Christ's Righteousness*,* Rawlin *on Justification*; Thomas Hall *on Perseverance*, in the Lime Street Lectures; Zimmerman *on the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ*; Marshall *on Sanctification*; Boston's *Four-fold State*,† and Witsius *on the Covenants*. Several times he perused some of the sermons of Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, on the assurance of faith. Of

*'It was one of the first books that gave me an insight into the truth of the gospel, as the way of salvation by the infinitely glorious obedience of our Surety, Jesus Christ.'—*Hervey*.

†With regard to Boston's *Four-fold State*, Hervey thus writes: 'This, in my opinion, is one of our best books for common readers,' and the *View of the Covenant of Grace*, by the same author, he pronounces 'an excellent treatise.' 'The works of this popular and learned Scotch divine,' says Lowndes, 'were published separately, and some of them have been frequently reprinted, particularly his "*Human Nature in its Four-fold State*."'

the sermons of the Erskines, he says : ‘ Was I to read, with a single view to the edification of my heart in true faith, solid comfort, and evangelical holiness, I would have recourse to Messrs. Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, and take their volumes for my guide, my companion, and my own familiar friend.’*

While at Bideford, he planned and partly wrote his *Meditations and Contemplations*. On a ride from Bideford to Kilkhampton, in Cornwall, he went into the church, and there laid the scene of his *Meditations among the Tombs*.†

*Hervey seems to have also been a great admirer of the writings of Marshall, and of Boston. Speaking of Marshall on *Sanctification*, he says : ‘ It has been one of the most useful books to my own heart ; I scarce ever fail to receive spiritual consolation and strength from the perusal of it.’ It is worthy of observation that this old book was also a favorite with Cowper, the Poet, who writes : ‘ Marshall lies on my table, and is an old acquaintance of mine ; I have both read him and heard him read, with pleasure and edification. The doctrines he maintains are, under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, the very life of my soul, and the soul of all my happiness. I think Marshall one of the best writers, and the most spiritual expositor of scripture I ever read. I admire the strength of his argument and the clearness of his reasoning upon the parts of our holy religion, which are least understood, (even by real Christians), as master-pieces of the kind.’

†It was also in a church-yard that the scene was laid of one of the most admired poems in the English language,—Gray’s *Elegy*. There is a tradition that it was composed within the precincts of the church of Granchester, about two miles from Cambridge ; and the curfew is supposed to have been the

To Hervey a church-yard was a most hallowed spot, as it should be to every one impressed with the vanity of this mortal life. With our minds solemnized, we should there consider 'the end of all men,' while at the same time, we should raise our views to those heavenly mansions which are prepared for the righteous, and think of a happy life beyond the grave, seeking through the merits of Christ to be prepared for those untold and unending felicities which are at God's right hand. How beautifully and impressively has one of the most gifted of our poets expressed the feelings with which a Christian should approach a cemetery:

Through these branched walks will contemplation wind,
 And grave wise nature's teachings on his mind;
 As the white grave-stones glimmer to his eye,
 A solemn voice will thrill him, 'Thou must die!'
 When Autumn's tints are glittering in the air,
 That voice will whisper to his soul, 'Prepare!'
 When Winter's snows are spread o'er hill and dell,
 'O, this is death!' that solemn voice will swell;
 But when with Spring, streams leap, and blossoms wave,
 'Hope, Christian, hope,' 'twill say, 'there's life beyond the
 grave.'—ALFRED B. STREET.

great bell of St. Mary's. Some have pointed to the church-yard of Stoke-Poges church, in Buckinghamshire, as the scene of this celebrated poem. The *Elegy* was commenced about the year 1742, revised from time to time, and published in 1751. It is worthy of observation that Grey's *Elegy* and Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs* were projected and written about the same time; both were commenced, we think, in 1742.

In the summer-house of a pleasant garden belonging to the family with whom he resided, Hervey is said to have partly composed his *Contemplations on the Night, and on the Starry Heavens*.

After remaining nearly three years at Bideford, Hervey returned, in 1743, to Weston-Favel, and again officiated as curate to his father in the charge of Collingtree. Before taking his final leave of Bideford, he was called to witness the death of an infidel—a scene which he has thus touchingly described :

‘I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, erewhile of the most robust body and gayest temper I ever knew ; but when I visited him, O how was the glory departed from him ! I found him no more that sprightly vivacious son of joy which he used to be, but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastising hand of God ! his limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance forlorn and ghastly, and the little breath he had left sobbed out in sorrowful sighs ! his body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation ; his soul just going to God who gave it, preparing itself to wing its way to its long home, to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state. When I was come up into his chamber, and had

seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began, as he was able to speak: "O that I had been wise, that I had understood this, that I had considered my latter end! Ah! Mr. Hervey, death is knocking at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp, and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God? How shall I endure the day of His coming?" When I mentioned, among many other things, that *strict holiness* which he had formerly so lightly esteemed, he replied with a hasty eagerness, "O, that holiness is the only thing I now long for! I have not words to tell you how highly I value it; I would gladly part with my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there to be desired in the place whither I am going but God? or what is there to be desired on earth but religion?" But if this God should restore you to health, said I, think you that you would alter your former course?—"I call heaven and earth to witness," said he, "I would labor for holiness, as I shall soon labor for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account

them as gross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. O, if the righteous Judge would try me a little longer, in what spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness: whatever contributed to that, every mean of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver! But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late: the day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. Heretofore, (wo is me!) when God called, I refused; when He invited, I was one of them that made excuse; now, therefore, I receive the rewards of my deeds,—fearfulness and trembling are come upon me: I smart, I am in sore anguish already, yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! It doth not yet appear what I shall be; but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction!" This sad scene I saw with my eyes; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with my ears; and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb.'

In 1746, Hervey gave to the world his *Meditations among the Tombs, Reflections on a Flower-Garden, and a Descant on Creation*, by which he speedily acquired literary fame. In the following year appeared his *Contemplations on the Night; on the Starry Heavens; and a Winter Piece*.

These various productions are usually bound together, and referred to as one work, under the title of *Meditations*. In speaking of this work, Dr. Jamieson, in his *Cyclopaedia of Religious Biography*, very justly remarks: 'It was received with very general admiration, and although Dr. Blair and other arbiters of literary taste have condemned its style as too florid, full of puerile conceits, and often bordering on turgidity, yet the vein of piety that runs through it, together with the attractive nature of the subject, procured it high favor in spite of its acknowledged defects in style. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the very features which those critics censured as unseemly blemishes, formed, in the judgment of multitudes, one of the chief attractions of the work.* At all events it enjoyed a most extensive

*Dr. Allibone, in his valuable *Dictionary of Authors*, remarks with equal appropriateness respecting this work: 'The style of the *Meditations* is highly poetical, and abounds in imagery not always of the most classical description; but this floridity, which displeased the critics, enchanted the multitude.' Southey also observes that the work is 'not more laudable in its purport than vicious in its style, and, therefore, one of the most popular that ever was written.'

popularity; edition after edition was issued, and the press for several years could with difficulty supply the pressing demand.*

Hervey's health, in 1750, was greatly impaired in consequence of too close application to his studies; and his friends, believing that a relaxation of mind and a change of air were necessary to give vigor to his feeble constitution, formed the design, which they accomplished, of conveying him to London, 'under a pretense of riding a few miles in a friend's post-chaise, who was going thither.' Soon after he was thus unexpectedly removed from the parish of Collingtree to London, he addressed the following words to his beloved flock, which are highly characteristic, beautiful and impressive:

'My departure from Northampton was sudden and unexpected; could I have seen my people, and given them my parting advice, it should have

*The second edition of the *Meditations* was published in 1748, in 2 vols. 12mo; and the twenty-seventh, in 1804. Last edition, in 1855, 12mo. In blank verse, by Thos. Newcomb, 1757, 2 vols. 8vo. In 1796, Mr. T. Heptinstall published a beautiful edition with fine steel engravings, 2 vols. royal 8vo., London. There is another edition with illustrations by Westall, London, 1818, 12mo. These illustrated editions are now very scarce. A fine copy of Heptinstall's edition, LARGE PAPER, early impression of the plates, is in the author's private library. Such a copy has been sold in England for £2 17s.

been in the words of that good man Barnabas, who exhorted all the disciples, that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord. Cleave, my dear friends, to the Lord Jesus Christ. *Cleave to His word*; let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, and be your meditation all the day long. Let the Bible, that inestimable book, be often in your hand, and its precious truths in your thoughts. Thus let us sit, with holy men, at the feet of Jesus, and I hope you shall experience His word to drop as the rain, and distil as the dew. *Cleave to His merits*; fly to His divine blood for pardon; it is the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. It purges from all guilt, and takes away all sin; and, blessed be God, it is always open, always free of access. Fly to His righteousness; let us renounce our own, and rely on His obedience: what unprofitable servants are we! how slothful is our life! how imperfect in every work! But as for Christ, His work is perfect; it is complete and infinitely meritorious. In this shall all the seed of Israel, all true believers, be justified, and in this shall they glory. *Cleave to His Spirit*; seek for the Divine Spirit. Cry mightily to God for the Divine Spirit. Let them that have it, pray that they may have it more abundantly, and be even filled with the Spirit.

This blessed Spirit reveals Christ, strengthens faith, quickens love, and purifies the heart. Christ died to obtain this Spirit for us ; He intercedes for us, that we may receive it ; and His heavenly Father, for His sake, has promised (O glorious privilege !) to give it more readily than a parent gives bread to a hungry child. *Cleave to His example*; study His whole life, eye His unblameable conduct, observe His amiable temper ; look to this heavenly pattern, as those who learn to write look to their copy ; and God grant that we all, with open face, beholding the glory of the Lord, may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord. Then let us cleave to Christ the Lord—cleave with full purpose of heart, incessantly, closely, inseparably. Let us say with our father Jacob, I will not let thee go. In the happy, happy mansions above may we, and many, very many of my dear flock, meet, and never be parted more.'

Hervey remained in London nearly two years, employing himself, as he was able, in writing and revising. On his father's death in 1752, he left the metropolis, and became rector of Weston-Favel and Collingtree, where he 'devoted himself to his sacred duties with a zeal and assiduity greater

than before. In the intervals of his public labors, however, he still prosecuted his literary studies.* At Weston he spent the remainder of his days in a beautiful, rural situation, which his own pen has thus described: 'Weston is near Northampton, about two miles from the town, pleasantly situated on an agreeable eminence, on the right side of the river [Nen], and a proper distance from the meadow. My house is quite retired; it faces the garden and the field, so that we hear none of the tumultuous din of the world, and see nothing but the wonderful and charming works of the Creator. O that I may be enabled to improve this advantageous solitude! Though secluded from the gay and busy scenes of life, may I ever be present with that Divine Being who has heaven for His throne and the earth for His footstool; whose

* Among the many warm personal friends of Hervey was the Rev. Risdon Darracott, a student of Dr. Doddridge, and a man whom Whitefield has called 'a flaming and successful preacher of the gospel.' Speaking of his first meeting with Hervey at Weston-Favel, Mr. Darracott says: 'While a student under Dr. Doddridge, I had an interview with Mr. Hervey at a good man's house, who belonged to the doctor's church, and lived in the parish of Weston-Favel: though it is nineteen years ago, I retain a delightful impression of our converse then.' Darracott was born in 1717, and died in 1759, in the forty-second year of his age. The words which fell from his lips in his last moments, remind one of the dying sayings of Janeway, of Brainard, and of Payson. See an interesting *Life of Darracott*, by Rev. Mr. Bennet.

mercy in Christ Jesus is like His majesty, exceedingly great and infinite.*

Hervey was one of the greatest admirers of the charms of rural nature—of flowery gardens—of fields clothed in verdure—of lakes, rivers, and murmuring streams—of calm retreats by the side of cooling fountains—of groves and forests stirred by the gentle breezes of summer, and made vocal by the music of birds ;—and of the glorious firmament studded with innumerable stars. Often did he view through his telescope the magnificence of the skies. While alluding, on one occasion, to the beauties and attractions of rural scenes, he exclaims : ‘O! ye blooming walks and flowery lawns surrounded with dewy landscapes! how often have patriots and heroes laid aside the burden of power, and stole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themselves in your composed retreat! Ye mossy couches and fragrant bowers, skirted with cooling cascades! how many illustrious personages, after all their glorious toil for the public good, have sought an honorable and welcome repose in your downy lap! Ye venerable oaks and solemn groves! woods that whisper to the quivering gale! cliffs that overhang the darkened flood! who can number the sages and

* Letters to Lady F. Shirley, Letter 31.

ting by the window of his study on one of those sunny days of early autumn, when nature is dressed in her golden pomp, and casting his eye over the rich and beautiful landscape spread before him :

‘Opposite to the room in which I write, is a most agreeable prospect of the gardens and the fields. *These* covered with herbage and loaded with corn ; *those* adorned with flowers and abounding with esculents ; all appearing with so florid and so beautiful an aspect, that they really seem, in conformity to the Psalmist’s description, even to laugh and sing. Let me just observe, that all these fine scenes, all these rich productions sprung—from what ? from the *dissolution* of the respective seeds. The seeds planted by the gardener, and the grain sown by the husbandman, first perished in the ground, and then the copious increase arose. Much in the same manner a true faith in Christ and His righteousness arises—from what ? from the *ruins* of self-sufficiency, and the death of a personal excellency. Let me therefore entreat my Theron, still to keep an eye on the depravity of his nature, and the miscarriages of his life ; the more clearly we see, the more deeply we feel our guilt and our misery,

the more highly shall we value the obedience of our blessed *Surety*. In such a heart, faith will flourish as a rose, and lift up its head like a cedar in Lebanon.'

In 1752, Hervey published, in an 8vo. volume, his *Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on the Study and Use of History, so far as they relate to the History of the Old Testament, &c.*, a work which he had prepared while residing in London. In the following year he preached his excellent sermon at Northampton, on *The Cross of Christ, the Christian's Glory*. In the same year he wrote a preface for Richard Burnham's *Pious Memorials; or the Power of Religion upon the Mind, in Sickness and at Death*.* In 1755, he gave to the world, in three volumes 8vo., one of his most important and useful publications—*Theron and Aspasio*, written in the form of a dialogue, 'a work which has long been a great favorite with large circles of Christian readers, and which, in many instances, has been instrumental in the conversion of persons of great name. It possesses all the literary as well as pious characteristics of

*The preface to this work, consisting of short anecdotes, interspersed with devout reflections, was written by the Rev James Hervey, author of the *Meditations*. An edition was published by Burder, 1820, 8vo.—*Lowndes*.

Hervey's writings, and was doubtless indebted to its exhibition of those qualities for the favorable reception it met with.' The main design of this work is to exhibit, in as clear a light as possible, the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, especially the subject of a sinner's justification before God, by the imputed righteousness of Christ,—a doctrine which Luther has justly styled '*articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesie.*' In the preface of this work, Hervey thus mentions its principal object: 'The beauty and excellency of the Scriptures,—the ruin and depravity of human nature,—its happy recovery, founded on the atonement, and effected by the Spirit of Christ,—are some of the chief points vindicated, illustrated, and applied in this work. But the *grand* article, that which makes the principal figure, is the IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS of our divine Lord; from whence arises our justification before God, and our title to every heavenly blessing: an article, which though eminent for its importance, seems to be little understood and less regarded; if not much mistaken, and almost forgotten.' The publication of *Theron and Aspasio* gave rise to a controversy on the leading doctrine of which it treats. It was attacked by several writers, among

whom were John Wesley* and Robert Sandeman,† of Edinburgh, the Glassite, while it was defended by Rev. Mr. Cudworth, pastor of an independent congregation in London, and David Wilson, a Scotch seceding minister, also pastor of a church in London. Hervey answered the objections of his opponents in his *Aspasio Vindicated*, a posthumous publication, issued from the press in 1766. One has remarked of this treatise, in rather extravagant terms, however, that it contains ‘the best, the most evangelical, and the most elaborate account of that righteousness, which is imputed to a sinner for his justification; and will be read with the highest delight, by every one

*While a student at Lincoln College, Oxford, Hervey was intimately acquainted with Wesley, whom he highly esteemed. Wesley was at that time a fellow of that college, and a tutor of Hervey, who has acknowledged his kindness to his teacher in the following passage: ‘I heartily thank you, as for all other favors, so especially for teaching me Hebrew. I have cultivated this study again, according to your advice. I can never forget that tender-hearted and generous fellow of Lincoln, who condescended to take such compassionate notice of a poor under-graduate, whom almost everybody contemned, and no man cared for my soul.’ Hervey and Wesley subsequently differed on theological questions; the former adopting Calvinistic sentiments, and the latter adhering to Arminianism.

†The reader should peruse the Rev. Andrew Fuller’s *Strictures on Sandemanianism*, in which the errors of Mr. Sandeman and Mr. Glasse are ably exposed and disproved, and the doctrines of the gospel clearly exhibited.

that adores the Son of God as the *Lord our Righteousness*.*

In the summer of 1757, Hervey published three sermons, which he preached on public fast days during that year—‘*The Time of Danger*,’ ‘*The Means of Safety*,’ and ‘*The Way of Holiness*.’† These excellent discourses, well exhibit his fervid and genuine piety, and his earnest desire to promote the cause of the Redeemer’s Kingdom; and we are quite sure that they will be read with great interest, delight and profit by all whose hearts are glowing with love to God, and to the souls of men. In the same year he edited, with a preface the second edition of Jenks’ *Meditations*, in two volumes, 8vo.

After Hervey had labored six years in the discharge of his ministry at Weston and Colingtree, it became apparent, from alarming symptoms, that his earthly career was rapidly drawing to a close. For many years he had been

* ‘This lavish use of superlatives which has, unfortunately for the interests of legitimate criticism, become so common—this “best in the language,” “unrivalled,” “unsurpassed,”—is our special aversion.’—S. A. ALLIBONE, LL. D., in his *Dictionary of Authors*, article THOMAS GRAY.

† A complete edition of Hervey’s works was published in 7 vols. 8vo. London, 1797. Another edition was issued in 6 vols. 8vo. 1806, Newcastle, and still another in 6 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. ‘Hervey’s works are still held in considerable estimation.’—*Lowndes*.

an invalid, and was frequently brought to the brink of the grave. But in all his afflictions he was patient, cheerful and resigned. The following extracts from his letters, written during seasons of affliction, in the last years of his life, show his inward joy, his peace of mind, his confidence in God, his love to the Saviour, and his well-grounded hope of immortal glory in the heavenly mansions :—‘ Perhaps it may be expedient for us to be visited with affliction ; it may tend to wean our affections from a vale of tears, and raise and fix them where true joys are to be found : in those mansions which Christ is gone to prepare, in those alone, complete happiness and consummate righteousness dwell. Every languor that oppresses us, every pain that chastises us, is a friendly monitor ; it tells us we are strangers and pilgrims below ; it bids us look upon the heavenly habitations as our home, and never think ourselves thoroughly happy till we are absent from the body, and present with the Lord. May the disorders which I daily feel have this desirable effect on my heart.’—‘ I write as a poor prisoner, who lately expected to have the sentence of death executed. May I never forget how much I shall want an assured faith in the all-glorious Redeemer when the awful change approaches. The faith-

fulness, the goodness, the unsearchable riches of Christ, apprehended by a sweetly-assured, soul-reviving faith,—these are our sovereign support under all our troubles, and our most effectual preservative from all temptation; we believe, blessed Jesus! help our unbelief.’—‘What a dying life is mine! Every blast pierces me, and every cold crushes me. Blessed, forever blessed, be God through Christ for a better life and a happier state in the heavens, where we shall be languid no more, afflicted no more, and O! delightful consideration! ungrateful to the dying Jesus no more; sin against the amiable God-man no more.’—‘I am this day a prisoner in my chamber, and write in much pain. Blessed be God for that world where all tears will be wiped away from our eyes, and there will be no more pain! and blessed be God for a Saviour, who is the way to these happy mansions, and the door of admission into them.’

‘Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand as it were upon the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view. Perhaps you will be willing to know my sentiments of things; in this awful situation, at such a juncture, the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly

objects. I have read of a person, who was often retired and on his knees, was remarkable for his frequency and fervency in devotion ; being asked the reason of this so singular behavior, he replied, "Because I know I must die." I assure you I feel the weight of this answer, I see the wisdom of this procedure, and, was my span to be lengthened, would endeavor always to remember the one, and daily to imitate the other. I think, also, we fail in our duty, and thwart our comfort, by studying God's holy Word no more. Was I to renew my studies, I would resign the delights of modern wit and eloquence, and devote my attention to the Scriptures of truth ; I would sit with much assiduity at my Divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. This is wisdom, whose fruits are peace in life, consolation in death, and everlasting salvation after death. This I would seek, this I would explore, through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testaments. In short, I would adopt the resolutions of the apostles, give myself unto prayer, and to the Word. With regard to my public ministry, my chief aim should be to beget in my people's minds a deep sense of their depraved, guilty, undone condition, and a clear, believing conviction of the all-sufficiency of Christ,

by His blood, His righteousness, His intercession, and His Spirit, to save them to the uttermost. I would always observe to labor for them in my closet as well as in the pulpit, and wrestle in secret supplications, as well as exert myself in public preaching, for their spiritual and eternal welfare ; for unless God take this work into His own hand, what mortal is sufficient for it ? Now, perhaps, if you sat at my right hand, you would ask what is my hope with regard to my future and immortal state ? Truly my hope, my whole hope, is even in the Lord Redeemer. Should the king of terrors threaten, I flee to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the cliffs of the rock. Should Satan accuse, I plead the Surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon Himself, and bare my sins in His own body on the accursed tree, on purpose that all the nations of the earth might be blessed. Should hell open its jaws, I look up to that gracious Being who says, " Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Should it be said, No unclean thing can enter heaven ; my answer is, " The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin. Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Should it be added, None can sit down at the marriage-supper of the

Lamb without a wedding garment ; and your righteousnesses, what are they before the pure law and piercing eye of God, but filthy rags ? These I renounce, and seek to be found in the Lord my Righteousness. It is written in the Word that shall judge the world at the last day, “ By His obedience shall many be made righteous ;” so that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust ; His merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death ; His merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any of my mean endeavors to honor His holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace ; but His Son, His righteousness and His sufferings, is all my hope and salvation.’

‘ I have been extremely ill, hovering upon the brink of eternity. The doctor was twice sent for by a special messenger, from an apprehension that my dissolution was approaching. You will probably be desirous to know how my mind was affected in such circumstances of peril and pain. The pain too often disturbed my advertence to the gracious God, and interrupted my application to his Almighty Majesty. Ah ! how unwise is it, or rather, how desperately hazardous, to defer the great work of reconciliation with our Creator

to a languishing and dying bed ! when the anguish is frequently so strong, that it quite shatters the thought, and renders incapable of attending to anything but the load of affliction. With regard to death, I humbly bless the divine goodness I was under no terrifying apprehensions ; it was desirable rather than dreadful,—the thing that I longed for, rather than deprecated. A believing contemplation of God's rich mercy, of Christ's unspeakably glorious atonement, enabled me to say with the apostle, " O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? " How great, then, is the efficacy, and how precious should be the interests, of that holy religion, which could support the weakest of creatures, when all earthly succours failed, and could give courage to the most obnoxious of sinners, even when summoned to his final trial ! O let us daily get a clearer knowledge of the all-sufficient Redeemer, a firmer establishment in His merits, and a growing conformity to His image ! It is Christ that unstings death ; it is the glorious Captain of our salvation that emboldens us to triumph over the last enemy. Old Simeon, having the child Jesus in the arms of his flesh, and the promised Messiah in the arms of his faith, can go down to the chambers of the grave with a

peaceful tranquility ; and it is a most reviving and delightful truth, that Christ has suffered in our stead, and borne our sins in His own body on the tree. When I was lately on the verge of eternity, and just going to launch into the invisible world, I could find consolation in nothing but in this precious, precious faith. If all my iniquities were laid on the beloved Son, they will never be laid to my charge in the day of judgment ; if the blessed Jesus made satisfaction for my transgressions, the righteous God will never demand two payments for one debt.* What an anchor for the soul is such a belief ! how sure and steadfast ! May it be our solace in life, and our security in death.'

'Amidst all the languors of decaying nature, this is the most sovereign support—free justifica-

*How clearly and forcibly has the heavenly-minded McCheyne illustrated this divine truth in the following passage 'Look at Isaiah 40, i, ii, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." If you receive Christ as your Surety, you have realized double punishment for all your sins. The sufferings of Christ for us were as honoring to God as if we had suffered eternal punishment thrice over. If you will only open your arms to receive Christ as your Surety, then your iniquity is pardoned. You will taste immediate forgiveness. Your warfare with the law and an accusing conscience will be immediately accomplished. If you will only lay hold on Christ now, you will feel the force of that sweet command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye," double comfort, double peace, for in Jesus you have suffered double wrath.'

tion through *Jesus Christ*; a comfortable persuasion that He has removed our sins from us, as far as the east is from the west; that He has cast them all into the deeps of the sea, and will present us to Himself, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.'

Hervey's last illness was long and painful; but his faith grew brighter as he grew more feeble. The love of Christ was now, as formerly, the theme on which he loved to dwell, and the divine atonement was the consolation of his dying hour. Let us listen to his last words, and see with what composure, and even triumph, a Christian can close his eyes in death:—'My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ, and I am hourly repeating these heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young, in his
* Fourth Night :

'This, only this, subdues the fear of death:
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each step let higher wonder rise!
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of Him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and aw'd,
Bless'd and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel 'midst the thunders of His throne!
Nor I alone, a rebel universe!
My species up in arms! not one exempt!
Yet for the foulest of the foul He died;
Most joy'd for tho' redeemed from deepest guilt,
As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!'

Several days before his departure, he told a dear friend that the fear of death was removed. ‘Do not think,’ said he, ‘I am afraid to die ; I assure you I am not ; I know what my Saviour hath done for me ; I want to be gone, but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for Him.’ A few hours before he breathed his last his pious and beloved physician, Dr. Stonehouse,* on seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, desired him that he would spare himself. ‘No,’ said the dying man, with peculiar earnestness, ‘Doctor, no, you tell me I have but a few minutes to live ; O let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer !’ He then repeated the twenty-sixth verse of the seventy-third Psalm—‘My flesh and my heart faileth ;

* Sir James Stonehouse was born in 1716, in Berkshire, England. He was educated at the University of Oxford, and there received his degree of M. D., in 1745. He first practiced as a physician at Coventry, and afterwards at Northampton, to which place he removed in 1748. He was then an avowed infidel, and the author of a pamphlet against the Christian religion. But by the pious efforts of Doddridge and Hervey he was led to renounce his infidelity, and to embrace the precious doctrines of Christianity. At Northampton he had a very extensive medical practice. He is said to have been ‘very assiduous in his attentions to Mr. Hervey’s health and comfort. He would be sometimes in his carriage at Weston by four o’clock in the morning and was often with him in his

but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.' He now expatiated in a most delightful manner on the words of the Apostle in 1 Cor. iii, 21-23 : ' All things are yours ; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come ;' at the same time referring his friends to the exposition of this passage by Dr. Doddridge.* ' Here,' study.' When the Dr. himself was once recovering from a dangerous illness, Hervey addressed these remarkable words to him : ' I really believe God has some signal work for you to do. He that has snatched the brand from the fire, and made it a polished shaft in His quiver, will not, I persuade myself, so soon cast it away, or break it to pieces. I have a strong presage, that Almighty goodness will continue you as an instrument to glorify His Son Jesus Christ, to turn many to righteousness, years and years after I am gone hence and seen no more.' Strange to say, Dr. Stonehouse, after practicing twenty years as a physician, with great success and pecuniary profit, entered the Christian ministry, and became a very popular preacher, and a man of eminent piety. He was rector of Great and Little Cheverell, in Wiltshire, ' where he became the spiritual guide of Hannah More, and the "Mr. Johnson" of her admirable and far-famed tract, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*.' In 1795, thirty-seven years after the death of Hervey, he departed this life, in the 80th year of his age, and full of the hope of a blessed immortality. Dr. Stonehouse wrote the *Sick Man's Friend*, and other religious tracts.

*While Hervey was at Weston-Favel, Dr. Doddridge was one of his most intimate and beloved friends. He was born in 1702, and died in 1751, seven years before Hervey. In 1748, he published his beautiful, instructive, and effective sermon on *Christ's Gracious Invitation to Thirsty Souls*, and inscribed it to Hervey. In this dedication he says : ' Be assu-

said he, ‘ here is the treasure of a Christian ; *death* is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is ! How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God sees fit ; for I know that He will, by and by, in His own good time, dismiss me from the body. These afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O welcome ! welcome death ! thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian ; to live is Christ, and to die is gain ! Lord, now letttest thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy most holy will, sir, that no man living can more sincerely rejoice in the acceptance of your labors, and particularly in that great and general admiration in which your pious and excellent *Contemplations* are so justly held, by persons of almost every rank and genius, education and profession ; so that the warmest friendship can hardly dictate a higher wish relating to them, than that they may be as useful, as they are delightful to all your readers.’

When Hervey was informed, by Dr. Stonehouse, that Doddridge was lying very ill at a village near Lisbon, in Portugal, (where he had gone for the benefit of his health,) and that he was not expected to live any time, he made this excellent remark : ‘ The departure of valuable persons should tend to wean us from the world, and endear heaven to our affections. Beza said, when he was told of Calvin’s death, “ Now I have a fresh motive to be as a stranger on earth, and set my affections on the things above.” ’

and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen Thy most precious and comfortable salvation. Here, Doctor, is my cordial; what are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me.* Shortly before his happy spirit bade adieu to pain and sorrow and winged its way to the heavenly rest, he exclaimed in language of triumph: '*The conflict is over; now all is done!*' After this he scarcely uttered any other words intelligibly, except '*precious salvation.*' Leaning his head against the side of an easy chair, he gently closed his eyes, on Christmas afternoon, 1758, and without a sigh, groan or struggle, ceased to breathe, in the forty-fifth year of his age. On the fourth of the following January his friend, the Rev. William Romaine† preached his funeral sermon

* 'O, how precious did salvation then appear to him, when he found death coming disarmed, and without a sting! and it grew still more precious when, with his last breath, he declared, that death had no power to hurt the peace of God, which ruled in his heart; for even then, he found salvation precious.'—ROMAINE'S *Funeral Sermon on Hervey*.

† Rev. William Romaine was one of Hervey's most valued friends. He was born at Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, England, on the 25th of September, 1714. He was educated at the University of Oxford; and ordained to the work of the ministry, in 1738. He was lecturer of St. Botolph's, London, in 1748, and of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, in 1749.

from these words in Luke ii ; 29, 30, ‘ Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word : for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.’

In the following year he became assistant morning preacher at St. George’s, Hanover Square, London. It was, perhaps, about this time that he formed an intimate acquaintance with Hervey, whom he afterwards so highly esteemed and so dearly loved. About the year 1752 he was appointed professor of Astronomy in Gresham College. In 1764, he was chosen to the rectory of Blackfriars. It is interesting to know that Romaine received a pressing invitation to accept the pastoral charge of St. Paul’s Church, in Philadelphia, with a salary of £600 a year. This invitation he saw fit to decline. He died on the 26th of July, 1795, at the advanced age of eighty. His last hours were full of Christian triumph. He was strong in faith, constantly praying and giving glory to God, to the last. Within a short time of his death he exclaimed, ‘ O, how animating is the view which I now have of death, and the hope laid up for me in heaven full of glory and immortality ! O, how good is God ! What entertainments and comforts does He give me : What a prospect do I see before me of glory and immortality. He is my God in life, in death, and throughout eternity.’ ‘ Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.’ When one said to him, about an hour before he died, ‘ I hope, my dear sir, you now find the salvation of Jesus Christ precious, dear and valuable to you,’ he replied, with confidence and joy, ‘ He is a precious Saviour to me now.’ A little after this he uttered his last words in this most happy exclamation, ‘ *Holy, Holy, Holy ! Holy blessed Jesus, to Thee be endless praise !*’ Thus triumphantly did he fall asleep in Jesus.

The best edition of Romaine’s works is that in 8 vols. 8vo. London, 1796. There is an edition in one volume, 8vo. London, 1837, and another in 1850, 8vo. ‘ Romaine,’ says

Thus died the saintly James Hervey, sustained and cheered by the Saviour's presence and love ; and leaving behind him a noble testimony to the preciousness of the Christian religion, and to its perfect adaptation to the wants of the immortal spirit in life and in death. In the departure of Hervey how truly may it be said, that the day of his death was better than the day of his birth !

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,
 And the best of the world is its path to the sky,—
 Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that He gave
 Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave.
 'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,
 'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,
 How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,
 If they looked not from earth to the rapture above.?

As a preacher Hervey was impressive, instructive, and eloquent. His oratory was energetic, impassioned and enchainng. Always earnest, he became more and more animated towards the

Lowndes, ' was a zealous Calvinist, but firmly attached to the Church of England. His writings are much esteemed, and have been often printed; especially his *Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith*, which were published separately, London, 1794-5, 12mo.—The three works in one volume, London, 1800, 12mo. There is an excellent edition of the *Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith*, with an Introduction by Dr. Chalmers, Glasgow, 1827, 12mo. Romaine was editor of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance and Lexicon. See an excellent account of him in the *Evangelical Magazine*, for November, 1795; and also his *Life* by the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan. London, 1796, 8vo. and prefixed to his works.

close of his discourses, exerting himself often beyond his strength, and appealing forcibly to the conscience. In a high degree his language was pathetic, beautiful and sublime. His principal excellences as a pulpit orator consisted in clear and forcible conception, in lucid and easy arrangement, in perspicuous and glowing diction, in a lofty and brilliant imagination, in a pungent and solemn appeal, and in a fervent delivery.*

The grand theme of his preaching, as well as of his writings and conversation, was the exhibition of Christ and Him crucified. Says he, 'I have but one subject on which I talk, write and preach ; all is subservient to Christ ; all centers in Christ.'

*Rev. Dr. Haweis, who had the pleasure of hearing Hervey deliver a discourse not long before his death, has furnished the following account : ' My knowledge and acquaintance with Mr. Hervey was only of one day, of one Sabbath : he was removing from his ministerial labors, just as I was ready to enter upon them, and being very desirous of seeing him before his departure to glory, and if I might secure but a thread of the mantle of Elijah, I rode from Oxford to Weston-Favel, his parish, a distance of about fifty miles for that purpose. I found him tall, and much emaciated : with serenity of countenance, and a cordial welcome, he asked me to dine and spend the day with him, which I accepted with pleasure. His preaching was purely evangelical, and very similar to his writings, in beautiful comments on the Scriptures he quoted ; but his manner of delivery far from the elegance I expected in the tone of voice and action. His church was very small, and, though full, not remarkably crowded ; but the people were very attentive to hear him.'

He was never weary of expatiating on the Person, the grace, and the atonement of Jesus. These were his favorite topics ; and would they were the favorite themes of all who are invested with the ministerial office. The love of Christ—that exhaustless theme—‘fired all his thoughts, and enraptured all his inward powers.’ While contemplating a subject so interesting and important, so amazing and divine, so rich and cheering, he would repeat, with transports of joy, the following lines of Dr. Young :

‘O, goodness infinite! goodness immense!
 And love that passeth knowledge, are vain words,
 Language is lost in wonder so divine,
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.’

With great beauty and force did he discourse on the Divine love—a love which was abundantly shed abroad in his own heart, and which he constantly sought to unfold to others, in its various forms—in *its breadth, and length, its depth, and height.*

‘He had an excellency,’ says Romaine, ‘which I never saw to so great a degree in any other person. He never let an opportunity slip of speaking of the love of Christ.’

We would here introduce a few of his remarks on the commencement, duration, effects, and fruits of our Saviour’s love :—

‘The *commencement* of His love.—His love is not of yesterday ; His love, like His outgoings, is from everlasting. “I have loved thee,” says He to the church, “with an everlasting love.” We value the affection that is of long standing, has taken deep root, and still continues unshaken. How excellent, then, is Thy loving kindness, O, blessed Jesus ! which, before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, was fixed upon sinful dust ! O that we should be in the thoughts, be upon the very heart, of God’s adorable Son, even from the ages of eternity !

‘The *duration* of His love.—It is invariable and eternal. “Having loved His own, He loveth them even unto the end.” It neither began with time, neither will it end with time. As no worthiness in us caused it, so neither will our failings extinguish it, no, nor our infirmities damp it. We change frequently ; our holy frames fail ; but our adored Redeemer is the “same yesterday, to-day, and forever.” Fear not, then ; “Neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the ever tender, the ever constant, the ever triumphant love of God our Saviour.”

‘The *effects* of His love.—It brought Him from the heaven of heavens, to dwell in clay, and be lodged in a manger. It brought Him from those happy mansions, where is the “fulness of joy,” and where “are pleasures for evermore,” to be destitute, afflicted, tormented in this vale of tears. It made Him, who is heir of all things, not to have where to lay His head ; till He was stretched on the racking cross, and laid in the gloom of the grave. Unparalleled and stupendous ! “Who can declare the noble acts of the Redeemer’s love, or show forth all His praise ?”

‘The *fruits* of this love.—To this is owing all the good we possess or expect, every spiritual and heavenly blessing. If our eyes are enlightened, in any degree, to see the things that belong to our peace ; if our desires are awakened to seek the “inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away ;” for this we are indebted to the love and grace of Christ. If we are sanctified in part, and desirous to grow in true godliness ; if we are perfectly justified before God, and adopted to be His sons and daughters ; these also are streams, which issue from that inexhaustible fountain, *the love of Christ*. As it was stronger than death in its actings and sufferings, it is richer than all worlds in its precious, precious fruits. All the

inconceivable and everlasting joys of the glorified state are its purchase and its gift.

‘Justly, therefore, does the Scripture make use of all the endearing relations that subsist among mankind, to represent the love of Christ. Great is the love of a friend; greater the love of a brother; greater still the love of a parent; greatest of all the love of a bridegroom:—but infinitely greater than any, than all, is the love of the ever-blessed Immanuel to His people. When all has been said, all has been imagined, it transcends every comparison, it exceeds all thought; or, as St. Paul speaks, “it passeth knowledge.”’

The divinity of the atonement was a topic which afforded Hervey the highest pleasure; and one on which he was accustomed to enlarge in exalted language.

‘For my own part,’ says he, ‘I feel no consolation, but when this truth is operative upon my mind. When you see me at the great tribunal, you will behold one of the poorest and vilest of sinners made perfectly free from guilt—made whiter than the mountain snow, by the precious blood of Jesus. Let us not dishonor that blood which is dignified above all things. It is the blood of God’s beloved Son. It is the blood of Him who is God’s fellow. It is the blood of Him

who is God over all blessed forever. Surely, then, its value must be immense, its efficacy infinite; it must cleanse from all sin, and with a perfection that is matchless and inconceivable.'

As a minister of the gospel, Hervey was faithful to the immortal interests of his hearers, setting before them the way of life and death, earnestly beseeching sinners to comply with the gospel method of salvation—to submit themselves 'unto the righteousness of God'—to seek for 'the old paths, where is the good way.' Nor did he fail to administer serious admonition when necessary. Without dwelling on this point, we would only relate a striking anecdote as a good illustration of his faithfulness when out of the pulpit.

'Being once on a journey, a lady who happened to be in the same carriage, was expatiating in a particular manner on the amusements of the stage, as in her esteem superior to any other pleasures. Among other things, she said, there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of ruminating on it in her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who sat and heard her discourse without interrupting her, when she had concluded, said to her in a mild manner, that there was one pleasure more besides what she had mentioned, which she

had forgot. "What can that be?" said she; "for sure I have included every pleasure, when I considered the enjoyment beforehand, at the time, and afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is it?" Mr. Hervey, with a grave look, and in a manner peculiar to himself, replied, "*Madam, the pleasure it will give you on your death-bed.*" A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning, would not have struck her with more surprise: the stroke went to her very heart. She had not one word to say, but, during the rest of the journey, seemed quite occupied in thinking upon it. In short, the consequence of this well-timed sentence was, that she never after went to the play-house, but became a pious woman, and a follower of those pleasures which would afford her true satisfaction even on a death-bed.'

Hervey's intellect was clear and capacious; his imagination vivid and sublime; his memory retentive and highly cultivated; and his acquaintance with history, philosophy, and theology, intimate and extensive. He was indeed a good scholar in classical literature and Hebrew, and especially was very familiar with Greek. No one can peruse his writings without perceiving that he was well acquainted with the productions of ancient genius. Homer, Horace, and Virgil, especially the last,

appear to have been his favorite classical authors. While he thus loved to read the classics, he delighted especially in sacred literature. Among his favorite Christian authors were Jenks, Marshall, the Erskines, Boston, Trail, Owen, Hall, Beveridge, Howe, Bates, Charnock, Leighton, Bunyan, Milton, Young and Watts. To the last named divine and poet, he writes : ' Your works have long been my delight and study ; the favorite pattern, by which I would form my conduct, and model my style.' But his greatest delight was in the study and contemplation of the Scriptures. In some of his letters he writes : ' For my part, I propose to addict myself with more incessant assiduity to this delightful and divine study of the Book of God. Away, my Homer, I have no need of being entertained by you, since Job and the prophets furnish me with images much more magnificent, and lessons infinitely more important. Away, my Horace, nor shall I suffer any loss by your absence, while the sweet singer of Israel tunes his lyre, and inspires me with the noblest strains of devotion : and even my prime favorite, my Virgil, may withdraw, since in Isaiah I enjoy all his correctness of judgment, and all his beautiful propriety of diction.'—' When we enter into the world, methinks we launch into a

troubled sea ; when we retire into the closet, and exercise ourselves in God's Word, we find a quiet haven. The Scriptures are sources of peace, as well as oracles of truth.'—'I want to be better acquainted with God's Holy Word ; to have its inestimable truths lodged in my memory, its heavenly doctrines impressed upon my heart ; that my tempers may take their fashion from it, and my public administrations be enriched by it. O, that the Word may dwell in us richly !' The Bible was to Hervey truly an unfailing source of consolation and of joy. He could also say with the inspired psalmist : ' O how love I Thy law ! it is my meditation all the day. How sweet are Thy words unto my taste ! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth ! I love Thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold.' How he delights to discourse on the excellency of the sacred Volume, and to press its glorious truths on the minds of his hearers ! In his sermon on *Searching the Scriptures* he exclaims :

' O blessed Book ! our better, our spiritual sun, that sheddest thy bright beams upon our souls, and furnishest us with the light of life ! thou sovereign antidote against the delusions of the devil, the treachery of our fallen nature, and the darkness of the world ! thou guide, to lead us

safely from the waves of this miserable life unto our heavenly and everlasting rest! No wonder that David counted his kingdom as nothing, and called thee his heritage and portion forever; no wonder the holy martyrs parted with their estates, their families, their blood, rather than with thee. 'Tis rather to be wondered at, that mankind do not prize thee as their richest jewel, converse with thee as their sweetest companion, and talk of thee as the dearest object of their love, all the day long. 'Tis with regret I leave off from speaking of thy unspeakable worth.

‘Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of eternity! the only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
 Securely; only star which rose in time
 And on its dark and troubled billows, still
 As generation driving swiftly by,
 Succeeding generation, threw a ray
 Of heaven’s own light, and to the hills of God—
 The everlasting hills—pointed the sinner’s eye.’

POLLOK.

As an author, Hervey has been much admired, though persons of refined taste have justly found fault with his florid style. Dr. Blair in his *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, has this remark: ‘I cannot help thinking that it reflects more honor on the religious turn and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey’s *Meditations* have had so great

a currency. The pious and benevolent heart which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause; but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swollen imagery and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety rather than his *style*; and in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." Hervey's style has also been criticised by James Montgomery, the poet, in his *Lectures on Poetry and General Literature*: 'The pious sentiments of Hervey's *Meditations*,' he says, 'recommended the fantastic style in which they were disguised to multitudes, who persuaded themselves that they were pleased because they supposed that, in such a case, they ought to be, with fine words and so many of them.' But notwithstanding the acknowledged defects of his style, the writings of Hervey have been very popular, winning the encomiums of the wise and good, on account of the remarkable spirit of piety by which they are pervaded, and pleasing, instructing, and consoling thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

It may be proper to remark here that the style of Hervey's sermons and other writings is not open to so much criticism, in point of floridity, as that of his *Meditations*. Dr. Blair and Mr. Montgomery's remarks are confined to this work.

COWPER writes—'Perhaps I may be partial to Mr. Hervey, but I think him one of the most scriptural writers in the world.' And also the celebrated Dr. JOHN WITHERSPOON,* in dedicating his *Essay on Justification* to Hervey, uses the fol-

* John Witherspoon was born near Edinburgh in Scotland, on the 5th of February, 1722. He was lineally descended from the famous John Knox. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh; and became minister of the parish of Beith, in the west of Scotland, where he labored with great acceptance and faithfulness. In 1757, he succeeded the Rev. Robert Finley as pastor of a large church at Paisley. In 1768, Dr. Witherspoon came to this country to assume the Presidency of the College of New Jersey. On the 22d of June, 1776, he was chosen to represent the Colony of New Jersey in the Continental Congress; and took his seat in time to sign the Declaration of American Independence. For six years he represented the State of New Jersey in the General Congress. 'During the whole period in which he was occupied in civil life, he never laid aside his ministerial character, but always appeared in every relation as became an ambassador of God.' He died on the 15th of November, 1794, in the 73d year of his age. 'His descent to the grave,' says the Rev. Dr. Sprague, 'was comparatively easy, and his views and feelings in reference to the approaching change were truly and sublimely Christian.'

There is an edition of his works in 9 vols. 12mo., Edinburgh, 1815; and another in 3 vols. 8vo., Philadelphia, 1803. 'His works,' says Lowndes, 'are in considerable estimation.'

lowing expressions : ‘ You, Sir, are one of those happy few, who have been willing to consecrate the finest natural talents to the service of Christ in the gospel, and are not ashamed of His cross. You have been able to procure attention upon some subjects from many who would hardly have given it to any other writer. This hath made me observe, with particular attention, the effect of your last performance, *Theron and Aspasio*, the character given to it, and the objections raised against it. And I have always found, that the most specious and plausible objection, and that most frequently made against the doctrine of justification by imputed righteousness, has been in this case, as indeed usually before, that it loosens the obligations to practice. This is what I have particularly applied myself to refute in the following Essay, because I have rarely observed it done distinctly, and at full length, in any writer. And I have addressed it to you, as a testimony of my esteem of your excellent and useful writings, as a public declaration of my espousing the same sentiments as to the terms of our acceptance with God, and my ambition of contributing some small assistance to the support of the same glorious cause. * * That your useful life may be prolonged, and that you may have the honor of con-

tributing more and more to the conversion of sinners, and the edification and comfort of believers, is the earnest prayer of, sir, your most obedient humble servant, John Witherspoon.'

We may add the estimate of the excellent RICHARD CECIL,* 'a man deservedly distinguished among the evangelical clergymen of the established Church.' This original and striking writer observes: 'Let us do the world justice, it has very seldom found a considerate, gentle, but earnest, heavenly, and enlightened teacher,—when it has found such, truth has received a very general attention. Such a man was HERVEY, and his works have met their reward.'

Those who have obtained the precious gift of saving faith, who 'rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh,' will look on Hervey as one of the most evangelical and judicious of our Christian authors, and one of the most pious and heavenly-minded men in the Church of Christ. And in contemplating his character, the true Christian will never cease to admire him for that sincere and fervent love which glowed in his heart to our adorable Redeemer; with whose glory let the whole earth be speedily filled.

* His *Remains*, eminently useful to ministers, and perhaps one of the most valuable books that has been given to them in modern times.—*Bickersteth*.

On an occasional celebration of Hervey's virtues and talents, at the village of Weston-Favel, in 1823, JAMES MONTGOMERY composed the following beautiful tributary poem, which will form an appropriate conclusion to this brief memoir :

'Where is the house for all the living found?
 —Go ask the deaf, the dumb, the dead;
 All answer, without voice or sound,
 Each resting in his bed;
 Look down and see,
 Beneath thy feet,
 A place for thee;
 —There all the living meet.

'Whence comes the beautiful progeny of spring!
 —They hear a still, small voice, "Awake!"
 And while the lark is on the wing,
 From dust and darkness break;
 Flowers of all hues
 Laugh in the gale,
 Sparkle with dews,
 And dance o'er hill and dale.

'Who leads through trackless space the stars of night?
 —The Power that made them guides them still;
 They know Him not, yet, day and night,
 They do His perfect will.
 Unchanged by age,
 They hold on high
 Their pilgrimage
 Of glory round the sky.

‘ Stars, flowers, and tombs were themes for solemn thought
With him whose memory we recall ;
Yet more than eye can see he sought :
His spirit looked through all,
Keenly discerned
The truths they teach,
Their lessons learned,
And gave their silence speech.

‘ Go, meditate with him among the tombs,
And there the end of all things view ;
Visit with him spring’s earliest bloom,
See all things there made new ;
Thence rapt aloof
In ecstasy,
Hear, from heaven’s roof,
Star’s preach eternity.

‘ We call him blessed whom the Lord hath blest,
And made a blessing ;—long to shed
Light on the living, from his rest,
And hope around the dead :
Oh ! for his lot,
Who dwells in light,
Where flowers fade not,
And stars can find no night.



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Marsha,

Life of the Rev. James Hervey.

